

Through no fault of her own, Rose has wound up in Victorian Scotland wearing a minidress instead of the expected period attire, and the locals have passed comment on her 'nakedness'. She has bet the Doctor that she can get Queen Victoria to say, 'We are not amused'. She then presumes to put a prompt into every remark she addresses to the Queen. Now they are in the observatory at Torchwood House. Rose has just asked the Queen whether the situation is 'amusing'.

The Queen calls over her host and whispers in his ear: 'Sir Robert, you will oblige us by fetching your wife's hairbrush from her dressing table.' As the knight obediently leaves on his errand, Victoria turns to the two time travelers. 'It has pleased us to be ...' She pauses for effect, looking Rose in the eye. '... To be amused by the informality of your manner, Doctor, despite its flagrant disregard of protocol. But we are *not* amused...'

Rose makes a fist and mutters 'Yes!' under her breath.

'We are not amused, I say, by this impudent chit of a girl who thinks it proper to make a mockery of her sovereign. I have five daughters, and I know what's to be done. Come here, child.'

'Your majesty,' begins Rose, 'I...'

'Come here, I say!' interrupts the Queen.

Rose darts a look at the Doctor. He gives a grim nod. 'You've won your bet,' he whispers, 'and now you have to take the consequences.'

Rose shuffles up to the Queen, bobs a curtsy, and tries a hopeful bluff: 'You majesty, I don't und...'

'Silence!' snaps Queen Victoria. 'You thought to make sport with our dignity. And now we shall make sport with your person.' And with that, she puts Rose across her royal knee.

Sir Robert returns and, with a bow, hands the Queen the requested hairbrush.

'Thank you, Sir Robert' she says. 'And now we must sacrifice protocol to propriety. Gentlemen, you will all turn your backs. All save you, Doctor. As a medical man, you may watch. Perhaps you will learn from us how to deal with a naughty girl.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' says the Doctor, allowing no trace of irony into his voice.

The men all do as they are bidden. The Queen reaches an imperious hand to the hem of Rose's short denim skirt and yanks it firmly up. Although

she has never seen modern underwear before, she gives no sign of being fazed. Rose's black panties are efficiently peeled down and end up crumpled about her knees, and Rose squeaks with surprise as she feels the cold Scottish air on her bare skin. 'This is to teach you never to mock a Queen Empress,' says Victoria, and she lands the hairbrush with a stinging slap which leaves a clear red print on Rose's pink bottom. Rose screeches with pain and humiliation and kicks her legs, but only the toes make the slightest contact with the flagstone floor. She is helpless until the Queen deigns to release her. Twenty more slaps fall, and Rose's bottom is now uniformly bright red in color. Finally Queen Victoria tosses the hairbrush aside, dusts her hands together and allows Rose to scramble to her feet.

As Rose pulls up her panties, the Queen speaks out. 'Gentlemen, you may turn round.' She looks Rose in the tearful eye, then the Doctor: 'We understand that is known in this part of our Empire as a skelping,' she says. 'You will oblige us, Doctor, by administering further installments when the girl's behavior warrants it.'

'That I will, your majesty,' promises the Doctor. 'And, when necessary, on her bare—'

'Sir Robert!' interrupts the Queen. 'You will now furnish seemly garments to cover this young woman's modesty.'

Sir Robert leads Rose away. One thing is bothering her even more than her smarting bottom. Was the Doctor really about to say what she thinks he was? With a shudder at the prospect, she resolves: Better find myself some good, thick, Victorian clothes... But with the story now back on its televised course, she will never get them...